Dear Jim, 5/20/74

I have been so fuzzy lately that, with three chances to get a new ribbon this monring without walking more than 50 feet, I forgot. So, I'll send the carbon.

And it has been that kind of day. Aside from a letter from Howard requiring careful and lengthy response, the phone has not be silent. Exceotional activity. Including an hour with Chester, a dubious one of all the Times of London could have selected to respond to my offer to their medical correspondent when he was here, Oliver Gillie. Chester is one of the three who authored their book.

So before there can be more, and one a letter promises is from Dick, let me answer your 5/18, the enclosures ~~xxxx~~ of which I've not even been able to look at.

To a large degree, crossed letters take care of what could be said. What can be very valuable is what you say you enclose, what you think is relevant. Dick and I have not even had enough time to explore more than the inferences of the title. It is my idea that it should be self satire, with almost nothing not the exact words of Richard Nixon and to the degree possibl,e in facsimile. I have written for copies of the official versions and ~~where they~~ if they are not supplied, replacements from published sources.

Anything you send can be helpful first in gettingpast the initial steps and then in the value and success of the finished work.

I knew you were swamped. But I also knew that this could be a source of ~~income~~ income for you, if not satisfaction, hence my suggestion if those with whom Dick dealt would not be interested. Meaning dealt with in the past. The Monocle gang.

In my present physical and emptional state (and increasingly I beliebe that except for bursitis and years it is perhaps entirely psychosomatic, despite the doctors), I could not do it. Two years ago I could have completed the whole thing in less than a month.

And when I can pull myself together sufficiently, I want to do The Unimpeachment....

I had begun to feel as though this change was beginning this monring but not I don't.

However, these things shift pretty fast with me, so it can soon remume again soon.

But in one or more ways I must be extraordinarily weary because I zonked out against last night to the evening news on TV, sitting uo again. Lil awakened me at 9:30 and I plopped into bed. Asleep with the act. I awakened as usual, very early, but I was able to stay asleep after momentary consciousness until about 5. Ten hours sleep. Unprecedented!

There is, as you say, the infidelity to Mao. But how many Americans will know that? Unless it is taken as a kind of sacriliousness (and it has been done before, as with The Sayings of Chairman Jesus) I think to most the title will suggest satire. Self-satire.

I don't know how good my Hunt/Buckley tape is. It was a new Ampex 120 and hung at the end. However, if the transcript gets here, with my notes that should be enough, thanks. Agree on them image(s) intent, but where it really counts it can't be effective. With Sirica. Suggest personalities figure. Or hidden intent....I am without doubt on a deal with or more likely on behalf of Nixon. And it could figure.

You are right about the imposing number of (to me so-called) WGbooks. However, the situation has changes much and may include one or two decidated and determined, perhaps even one to emulate Burke. But if there is one that has naything new and consequential it is, I have not heard of it. So, the part of me that is not depressed, perhaps the wishful-thinking part, says it has possibilities. I believe there is the need.

Theres is a persisting atypicality in this that with me and my writing is typical. The most recent of continuing examples I include not to argue but to suggest that in popular attitudes the typical standards to do apply. It came Saturday but I get them often. This was from out that way. I don't know if it was in reaction to the brief bit I did with Jim eason or not. May have been written first. (The mail from those few minutes is the heaviest I can attribute to any one thing in years, but I got only one and that a nutty letter from a newspaper story, of which I've not seen one! I have the UPI wire copy. Best,